



# The Breeze

Fall Edition



September  
2006

## Walks in Our Woods by: Pat Cosman & Mal Thomas

Do you know about the St. Andrews walking trails? Four were laid out by cottager Mal Thomas, a retired landscape architect, and by Wolf Schumann of the Boothbay Region Land Trust. When finally completed, they will surround our campus like a jeweled necklace. Pick up your binoculars (I'll bring a Thermos) and we'll take a walk to the Penny Lake bridge.

We enter the woods under a tall canopy of white pines. Watch for ghostly Indian pipes at this time of year, they like the shady mulch. Farther on is the spot where the yellow trout lilies bloom in the spring. We won't see any now; even their mottled leaves have disappeared.

Here's where we pick up the old stone wall that once marked the fields of a long-ago homestead. That litter of fir cones marks a chipmunk's or squirrel's dinner feast. We'll probably see a chipmy, for the wall is his home.

A few strides more will bring us to a sunny opening where the red berries of the partridge plant, bunchberry and wintergreen can be seen. Crush a wintergreen leaf between your fingers and breathe its refreshing scent. This too, is where the running cedar grows like a miniature forest that makes you feel like Gulliver in Lilliput.

Now we're entering a deeply shaded part of the trail. Mosses and ferns, those pre-historic relics of plantdom, are all around us. Heavy rains have made them lush and green.

You are probably noticing those odd tree stumps that look like stubby pencils sharpened with a penknife. They are what is left of trees that the beavers gnawed for food and building materials. The beavers have moved on, but their handiwork remains.

Next comes a cleared pine grove, and there is our destination; the BRLT Penny Lake bridge and marsh. Let's walk out to the seats in the middle. Among the cat tails we'll find some water lilies and pickerel weed still in bloom.

Train your binoculars on the wood duck's nesting box out in the marsh while I pour some cider from the Thermos. While we catch our breath, we'll drink a toast to this glorious work of nature.

Which path shall we take for our walk home? We can go along Wolf's lower path among the mossy ledges and cool ferns, or the BRLT's machine made compacted trail. You choose.

## Exercise For All of Us By: Helen Fehlau

St. Andrews is very wise to offer exercise (low impact) to all its residents.

Every magazine, paper or television show shouts at the older citizen to exercise.

Here, we have a beautiful room and a gracious and considerate leader, Donna to help us to any degree that we may feel comfortable. Do the exercises to your own limit and to the extent you would help yourself.

Pamper yourself and come to exercise Wednesday and Friday, 10 to 11 am. Your energy will improve, as well as your balance, strength and posture. And you'll feel better.

See you there?

## Welcome New Friends.....

Jane Tucker moves here from the busy village of Wiscasset and is settling into Village life in Apartment #211.

Do you have an article idea for the Breeze?

Are you interested in working on "The Breeze"

If so, please see Carol Howe or Lisa Cunningham. They will be happy to give you more information on how you can help!

## Literary Review by: Walt Schmid

### The Kite Runner By: Khaled Hosseini

This book is listed as a novel. However, it reads as an autobiography.

It is a most compelling story; sad, sweet and arresting.

The tale starts out in a pre-multi war Afghanistan in its capital, Kabul.

The principal character is the son of a wealthy widowed merchant. His constant companion is the son of a servant, and of a lower class.

The title, "The Kite Runner", takes its name from the annual sport of flying and "fighting" kites in Kabul. A kite is defeated when its broken-glass-covered string comes to earth, where it is recovered as a prize.

The central character's childhood is interrupted by wars; the Russian invasion, civil war and the coming to power of the Taliban.

The principal and his family flee Afghanistan for the U.S.A.

As time goes by, the young man returns to Afghanistan to try to find his childhood friend.

Kabul is a dramatically changed place and he barely escapes with his life. He brings the son of his friend out of Afghanistan, who had been killed by the Taliban.

I strongly recommend the book as a fine "read", BUT BEWARE....parts of this book may keep returning to you. It will not be forgotten.

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## Critters by: Daphne Kimball

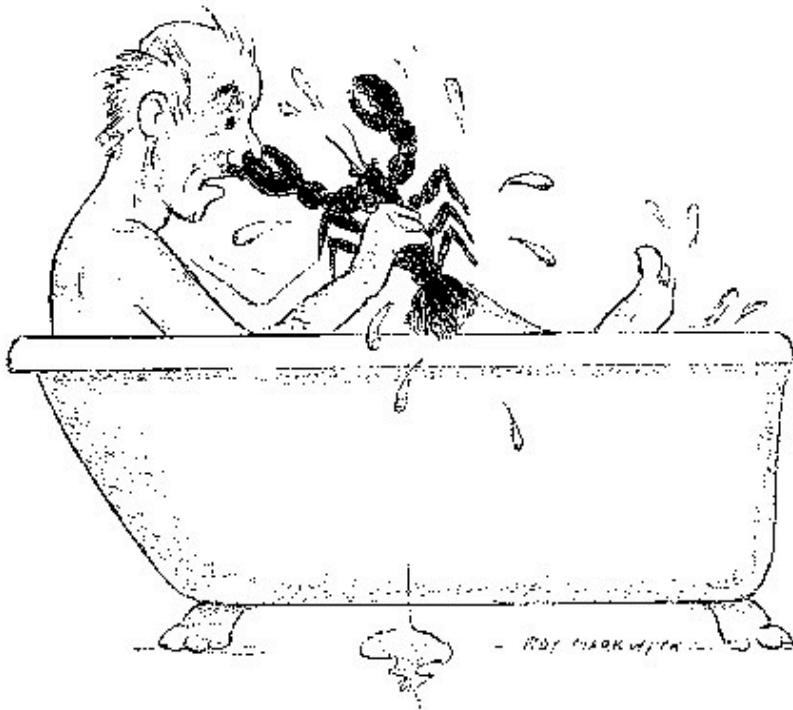
One day early this past spring, I looked out my front window and saw one mama duck and thirteen very tiny little ones. They could not have been more than two days old. A couple of days later they came again. I did not see them for four or five days after that but when I did, there were only eleven little ducks. I was sadly looking forward to counting one or two less each time she brought them. That is nature's way. Little foxes also need to eat. Well, It didn't happen! Mama duck raised all eleven....Incredible!

Along the way, they became a little famous. Many people saw them crossing Emery Lane on their way to or from Penny Lake. Eleven little ducks all in one line are rather hard to ignore. At one point they appeared by Hannafords and Route 96 stopping traffic until someone chased them out of danger.

In the middle of all this, a friend asked me if I had read "Make Way for Ducklings" by Robert McCloskey. I had not. When I did, I was completely charmed. It is the tale of a couple of ducks who raise their family right in the middle of Boston with the help of a friendly policeman. The illustrations are marvelous. It is a wonderful book for children and even for adults. Apparently, there is a statue of them in Boston's Public Gardens.

As time went by, I was surprised how long the family stayed together. Even after they were flying mama duck would come with some of her brood. By the end of July, she began to come alone and the young ones would come in small groups.

One day in the middle of August, I was amazed to see eleven young ducks in my front yard. Mama duck's brood? Who knows? But they were all young and there were eleven!



Roy Markwith

Our Annual Lobster Bake in August was a fun occasion very well choreographed by East Boothbay Clam and Lobster Bake. New owners, Michele and Fred Farnham and three helpers arrived two hours ahead of time, in two trucks, backed down the rear length of the back terrace, parked at the perimeter of the large tent and proceeded to unload and set up equipment. I spied them from our porch an hour later and they were in full swing.

The corn ears were partially husked, ends clipped “for appearance” wrapped in cheesecloth, put in the special large double boiler, and were the first to begin cooking, surprisingly. Next the 60 lobsters steamed in a cooker that could handle up to 130, the clams and mussels in a 5-gallon pot, and all of the above cooked with ocean water (yes, even the corn). There were also seven or eight chicken orders.

Under the tent we single-filed the length of the long row of serving tables with trays overflowing, the twin lobsters enveloping the clams, mussels, corn, melted butter, home-made rolls and rolled napkins with all utensils neatly tucked inside. Miraculously, we made it intact to the cheery dining room tables with disposable checkered cloths. We were luck to have adept “floaters” like Pat Forestell circulating to rescue the uninitiated or inept (like me) with our nut crackers, picks, and slippery lobsters. The juices squirted everywhere—faces, arms, clothes, table, floor and give thanks for high ceilings. The bucket centerpieces were repeatedly emptied and replaced and we went through napkins like crazy. Plenty of cold beverages and home-made blueberry cake for dessert. Great Meal!

We wonder if any of us besides Roy discovered pearls in their clams that day. He found three in a single clamshell, still in soft stage. When I went on Google, I learned that naturally occurring pearls are deformities inside the shell of a clam or oyster. When a piece of foreign matter, such as a grain of sand, gets lodged between the organism’s shell and inner tissues, the oyster or clam covers it with a secretion or “nacre” called mother-of-pearl, and over the course of several years more layers are laid around the intruding piece of material, forming a hard, white colored object known as a pearl, sometimes spherical or differently shaped. (you knew that, right?) Very attractive and distinctive clam pearl jewelry pieces are up for bidding on E-Bay—pendants, pins, rings etc...and of course, cultured oyster pearls.

By the way, up until the 1960’s, clam beds in big rivers of southern and eastern US, were commercially harvested for the shells, which were used to make pearl buttons. Southern states in particular have a long tradition of mussel harvesting and many people made their living picking, selling and buying shells for the button industry.

Getting back to lobsters, maybe the best place to eat one is the bath tub. Just be sure the crusty crustacean is “tres mort”. By: Helen Markwith

## As We Were by: Flo Carris

We at St. Andrews haven't always used a walker, sat in a wheel chair, been tied down to an oxygen tube or had "senior moments". As we get older, we seem to understand each other's signs of aging. Can you identify us by knowing something about his/her more vibrant days?

If so, will these bits of information be helpful?

**One:** Parent of five children, four boys and a girl, worked for John Hancock Insurance Company for 35 years.

**Two:** Graduated from Syracuse University, majoring in Political Science, and for some summers, was Activities Director at Newagen Inn, also volunteering at the Red Cross. Later, became the parent of three active sons.

**Three:** Person of many talents, was a writer and editor of a magazine, as well as being commodore of a Yacht Club. This person also enjoyed painting water color scenes. "Regal" is the word that best describes this individual, then as well as now.

**Four:** Following graduation from high school, this person attended Sargent College of Boston University, receiving a BS degree in Physical Education. Marriage next, WWII and three years at Berkeley Divinity school at Yale. This individual wasn't too excited about being a clergy wife, but she was for 32 years before retirement.

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## Staff Feature by: Carol Howe

### Sean Ronan Sees That We're Well Fed

Dining Services Supervisor Sean Ronan

Runs the Kitchen

Which produces the meals,

Planned by Amy, his boss,

For citizens of St. Andrews Village

Sean oversees the general staff, including four full-time cooks and one who works half-time.

He arrives at 10 a.m. and finishes anytime between 7:30 to 8 p.m. He supervises delivery of groceries, marking and dating food according to State regulations. ("We buy only the freshest fruit and vegetables.") He cooks and keeps things moving.

Near the end of the day, he's often found serving and "plating" dinner for Independent Living residents—a task which he enjoys. "We work hard and we try to please", he says. Since there are no ovens in the Prep Kitchen, it's a trick to keep food hot for the diners.

The kitchen also furnishes Meals on Wheels, which are delivered most days of the week by volunteers. Recently, Sean says, as many as 43 hot meals have been sent out to shut-ins and older people on fixed incomes.

Besides the daily meals, the kitchen produces fare for functions, both public and private. And there are barbecues and buffets. Sean relishes this special made-from-scratch work.

He's been here "five years last June". He earned his Associate degree in Culinary Arts in 1981, and has worked at the Boothbay Harbor Yacht Club, the Tugboat, the Ledges in Wiscasset and Bravos Mexican Restaurant in Gardiner. For three years, he was Kitchen Manager at Miles Memorial Hospital in Damariscotta.

Sean and Amy are the parents of Ian (17) Zachary (15) and Abigail (11). Also, in the household are two Labrador retrievers and an English dachshund. They live not far from the Village.

When you see him, say "Hi!" to Sean Ronan and tell him how much you appreciate what he does.

## Resident Feature by: Flo Carris

Who's that behind the door? Perhaps a man, Six-feet four?

You guessed it right! He's Robert L. Hellens, known to us as Bob. Eighty-one years ago, in 1925, this man was born in Fall River, Mass.

When he was two, Bob's family took him to North Haven, Maine, where they fixed up a house near Pulpit Harbor. The Hellens found that they preferred an easier access to the shore. In 1937, the family purchased a 1911 shingled cottage on top of little Eagle Island, nearby. From this vantage point, they enjoyed expansive views of Penobscot Bay. Escape from the turmoil of the city was rewarded by gifts of beauty, tranquility and freedom. At that time, the island had three farms, a handsome lighthouse, three summer cottages: a microcosm of 19th century Maine— no cars, a daily mail boat. Bob says that his family had, as a lone convenience, a Westinghouse electric generator to light the house. Also, they acquired a small sailboat and a motor boat.

The lighthouse keeper's youngest son was just Bob's age. The twelve-year old boys became fast friends and co-conspirators. Young Bob spent many happy hours at the lighthouse, where he learned a lot from the lobster and fisherman. These men taught the boys how to handle a boat in all kinds of weather. "Super experiences for a young kid", says Bob. He also remembers steering a seiner from Eagle Island to Rockland, all in one night...without lights!

Often, everyone on the island was shorthanded. A co-op labor system was developed. For instance, in periods of extended fog, the lighthouse bell needed to be wound every eight hours, night and day. When the keeper was ill, the job fell to Bob and his friend. The 12-year old boys felt enormously proud (and rightly so) to be entrusted with this important job.

Why did Bob retire from Connecticut to Maine? His reply: he'd been deeply influenced by these youthful experiences.

Before college days, Bob met Sally in church. He still has Sally's note, telling him she was too busy to date. However, he wasn't easily defeated. In 1949, he tried again and Sally said "OK". In 1950, they were married, later becoming the parents of three daughters and later still, the grandparents of six granddaughters. Oops, I left out their five dogs, important members of the family...were they female too?

After Bob had shared this part of his past, he kindly wrote answers to some anticipated questions. Now for his professional life: In 1951, he joined the Westinghouse nuclear navy propulsion project for the super carriers.

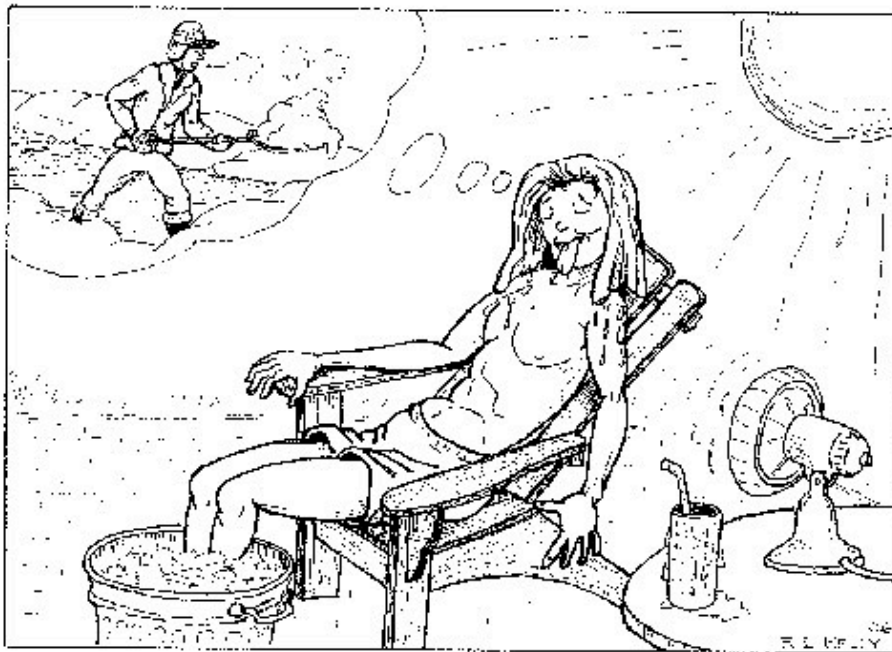
With humility, Bob mentioned that he had received the Ernest Orlando Lawrence Award. The inventor of the cyclotron in 1939 and recipient of the Nobel Laureate in Physics. After his death in 1958, President Eisenhower created an award to honor Lawrence and inspire others to follow his example. First given in 1960, it honors scientists and engineers at mid-career for exceptional contributions to the development, use or control of nuclear energy. (I found this on the internet. This gives us an idea of the scientific contribution Bob has made to our country and mankind).

Robert L Hellens received the Ernest Orlando Lawrence Award in 1971. According to the website information, each Lawrence Award winner receives a citation signed by the Secretary of Energy, a gold medal bearing the likeness of E.O. Lawrence and \$50,000.

To return to New England, Bob devoted his expertise to combustion engineering. 17 large power station reactors were built, including one of the best: Maine Yankee.

The other evening, the Hellens and I were walking down to dinner. I said I was impressed by all of Bob's accomplishments. Sally quickly added, "Bob's good at tying knots too!" Perhaps his knot tying skills stem from his boating days.

At any rate, the best knot he ever tied was the one he used to catch Sally.



Bob Kelly

## RESIDENT SERVICES UPDATE

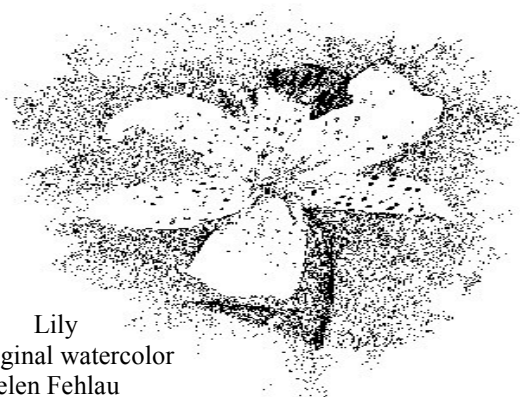
Greetings,

A hearty welcome to our newest residents. With a busy summer season behind us, it's time to look forward to another beautiful fall. We will visit local farmer's markets and I plan to schedule various rides so we don't miss a minute of Mother Nature's glorious show! Other planned activities for September and October include: a train ride, fall foliage cruise, Portland Art Museum, Maine Maritime Museum, Portland's Old Port & more. Our annual Welcome Home, Welcome Back party is scheduled for November 1st at 5pm. This is a nice way to welcome new residents and catch up with friends who have been away for the summer. Wine, soft drinks and hearty appetizers will be served, mark your calendars.

Handbook review sessions will begin this month for Apartment residents. Watch Channel 2 & the bulletin board for dates/times. A sign up sheet will be posted at Reception desk. Review sessions for Cottage folks will occur later in the fall, stay tuned for more information.

As always, please call me with comments and ideas.

-Lisa



Lily  
An original watercolor  
By: Helen Fehlau

Answers to "As we were" from Pg. 4

ONE:	George Fotos
TWO:	Peg Purinton
THREE:	Eleanor Johnson
FOUR:	Vivian Thorp